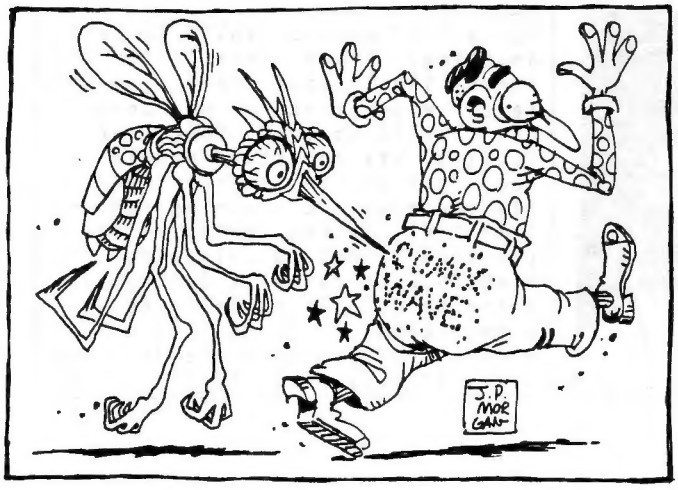

COMIX WAVE 28, July, 1985, © CLAY GEERDES, Box 7081, Berkeley, CA 94707. World Rights Reserved. Logo by J. P. Morgan.* Latest in the CW Mini-Series: Three by Clark Dissmeyer: THEY RETURN, RUSTIC ENIGMA, and THE VEIL PARTS. ($1.50/ one stamp for the trio); BABYFAT 47, 48, 49, and 50 ($2/one stamp for the quartet); and by Jim Williams: GROWING UP WEIRD 2 ($1.39 pp) and DEADLY DUCK 1 (50/stamp). WEIRD 1 and 2 for $2.39 pp. You Newavers make it down to San Diego for the Con, August 1-4. We want a big turn-out and I wanna see some Newave art in that art show. Do it. Info on the con from POB 17066, San Diego 92117. The Hotel is HOTEL SAN DIEGO, 330 Broadway, S. D. and the first night deposit is $45.* THE KISS OF COMIX WAVE is the 22nd issue of our CW mag and this cover is by GARRY HARDMAN. $1.39 pp from CW. Inside art by Par Holman, John E. and others.* Discovered ZOMOID ILLUSTORIES yet? These DZ and minizines feature a lot of good artists and some bizarre stories, like EAT SHIT AND DIE by Bagge and Jim Williams in #19. They're all different prices, so order 19 for .75/stamp and Ray Zone will send you his list. 128 N New Hampshire, L. A. CAL 90004.* Dan Gilbert has joined us. You can get a copy of his zine, CORONADO GRIND, for 50/stamp. Write to OI Division, USS CONSTELLATION CV-64, FPO, SFRAN 96635. 8x11 xeroxzine. He's up to #7.* CAPTAIN SAUCER 12 is $1.39 from Doug Holverson, R R 1,Soldier Iowa.* CITY LIMITS GAZETTE is $1.50/.39 from Bruce Chrislip, 3914 2nd NE #1, Seattle, WA 98105. Lotta news. Says Harvey Pekar is doing AMERICAN SPLENDOR 1-9 as a paperback book with Doubleday.* Stripzine: THE FUNNIES PAPER, 4419 N Atlantic Circle, N. Fort Myers, FLA, 33903. $1.39 for #16, the latest.* COMICS FANOLA 3 has a nice interview with David Miller. .35/.39 stamp from John Eades, 9429 Silverthorn Dr., Lake Park, FLA 33403.* Mike Hill has WORKER POET 7 for $1.39 pp. 327 Pacific Street, Franklin, PA 16323. His new mini, co-drawn by Marc Myers is ALLUDE. 50/st. LOUSY PARENTS 2 is 50/stamp from Chris Bors, 121 Texas Lane, Ithaca, NY 14850.* SOCIAL COMMENTARY FOR OUR TIMES 2 is 50/st from Bobby Pfeffer, POB 912, Gilbert MN 55741. CARTOON BRUT 4 is 50/st from John E, POB 7243, Wichita KS 67218.* Edd Vick has two new minis: TRUE 2 TYPE and FAN TOONS 5 (the girls with guns issue), 50/st. 1002 Fuller-Wiser #4121, Euless TX 76039. FAN TOONS 5 is 75/st.* ZIPPY STARBURST AND THE BEATLES FROM NEPTUNE is a mini from Allen Freeman, 125 Laralan Av, Frankfort, KY 40601. 50/st. Color cover.* CEREBUS is up to #72! Hi Dave.* NORMAL MAN at #8, Hi Jim.* I have FOX COMIX 8. $2.00 pp. C. G.

IT'S NICE TO GET THE ATTENTION ONE FEELS ONE SO RICHLY DESERVES...
AUTOGRAPH MY COPY OF COMICS JOURNAL #98, MR. HOLMAN?
DON'T CROWD ME, FOLKS! I NEED AIR! I'M ONLY— HEH HEH! HUMAN, YOU KNOW!
♪ OH, PAR...EVER BODY PAINT A LIVE MODEL? ♫
DO YOU HAVE ANY OLD PENCIL STUBS I COULD HAVE?
MAY I KISS THE HEM OF YOUR GARMENT?
FANBOYS INC.
OVER

...BUT MONDAY THRU FRIDAY, 7:30-4:00, IT'S REAL WORLD TIME!
OK, MR. MEDIA SUPERSTAR! ARE THOSE MAIL-BAGS READY TO GO?
GRANITE SCHOOL DISTRICT MAIL ROOM
THANKS TO EVERYONE FOR THE EGOBOO!
PAR HOLMAN '85

Got a VCR? Beta or VHS? Collect anything? Trade? What's the vid scene like in your area? Easy rentals? Wide selection of current and classic movies? Does your local tv sta run stuff people don't get to see in other areas? Did you miss a certain episode of STAR TREK, DALLAS, DYNASTY? Did you know DISNEY is releasing PINOCCHIO on cassette this July? Write to me. We're going to do a new column in CW dealing with video. Did you know the San Francisco library rents free? C. G.

HAIGHT ASHBURY REVISITED

Par Holman reminded me of the upcoming 20th anniversary of Haight-Ashbury and suggested I say a few words about that one-time mecca, shrine, hang-out, Utopia, neo-Indian reservation. At the time of the evolution of the Haight into an art colony, I had lived in San Francisco for seven years, spending part of the time in the avenues and moving to Foerster Street near S. F. City College after getting married to Shirley in 1961. I was studying English at S. F. State at the time, rattling off about Eliot's poetry, Faulkner's novels, and the various strains of European Existentialism which were in style--mainly the writings of Camus, Sartre, Heidegger, Jaspers, and Beckett. Beat was nearing its end around North Beach, the hang-out of Ginsberg, Kerouac, Corso, Ferlinghetti, Patchen, but Ginberg's HOWL had given Beat a new lease on life and inspired a bust and an obscenity trial. I hung around North Beach and Sausalito in those days with an occasional trip to Berkeley to a folk festival. There was nothing happening in Berkeley then, the silence before the Free Speech Movement and the invasion of amplified rock music in 1965. We made the rounds. My earliest published fiction was inspired by things that happened around NB and across the bay in Sausalito. We would eat at Little Joe's and play some pool at Mike's pool Hall on Broadway, stop in at the various coffee houses and listen to folk singers, listen to jazz and poetry at the Cellar, catch the Kingston Trio at Purple Onion, look in the doorways of the clubs along the strip. It was g-strings and pasties then, topless dancing didn't come along until June of '64. At that point, long hair was seldom seen on men. Women who were trying to look Beat would dress in dark clothing and run a ring of mascara around their eyes to give them a lost, haunted look. The Cool was in, emotion was out. If someone died at the table next to you at Enrico's, you paid no attention, just went on sipping your expreso. Beat referred to beatific, beatitude, sometimes beautiful, and it was only negative to the bourgeois tourists who were always looking in the windows at you. Beat evolved as a fashion out of Bohemian which was the in style of the early two decades of the current century. Many people in the late fifties rejected Western materialistic philosophies and capitalism, preferring to look to the East for enlightened attitudes, namely to the Buddhism of D. T. Suzuki and Alan Watts. Everyone in my group read Ginsburg's poetry as it came out (and heard him read it on campus) we were all familiar with Watts' NATURE, MAN AND WOMAN. The music was jazz--Peterson, Allison, Montgomery, Davis, and folk. We had just gotten an album by a young Jewish kid from Minnesota, fellow who called himself bob dylan (no capitals, after dylan thomas). Joan Baez was still singing traditional folk and her Institute for the Study of Non-Violence was only an idea floating around. Most imitated folk groups on the campus were Kingston Trio and Brothers Four and The Chad Mitchell Trio. New folk singers were always showing up on campus, playing at the hootenannies at the Drinking Gourd on Union Street or out at the Coffee Gallery in N B. Politically, it was a time when students believed in the public image of Jack Kennedy and went South to work on drives to register black voters in Mississippi and Alabama. I didn't go South. I've been to Alabama (My mother is from there.) and I had no desire to go back. Kennedy was murdered in 1963 and Johnson got the blame for the Viet Nam war. The War and the draft caused most of the action on the campuses.

Meanwhile, I graduated a couple of times and was ready to start on a teaching career. I had several offers, but I chose Fresno State because it was the closest to San Francisco. I could drive home on the weekends.

I never planned to live in Haight-Ashbury. I never moved to North Beach or Sausalito either. I don't like living in art colonies. I like a quiet place where I can do my own thing, think my thoughts, work in my garden. It's too noisy in those hip ghettos. People don't talk, they yell. Everyone wears his ego on his sleeve, and no one ever sleeps.

I moved to Ashbury Street because my wife Shirley got us kicked out of the old apartment and we had to find a new one and she was living in it during the week so she wanted to decide and she found the place in a house on upper Ashbury about two blocks above Haight Street and I just accepted it. When I found out what was happening down the street, I had mixed feelings. It was nice to be able to walk down and get the ug papers and look at the new zines in the Psychedelic Shop, but it was a drag to try to park near my own place and I usually had to park four or five blocks away. It was nice to hang out on the street on weekends, to see all the colorful people, the bikers, cowboys, Indians, drag queens, antique store dance hall girls, rock singers, dope dealers, pimps, and the folks who lived on the street, but (cont'd/August)